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Says the Boston Herald: "The Bryan Dollar Dinner out at Lincoln seems to have been a sort of a fifty-center." Well, isn't that about what a Bryan dollar is worth?

King Menelik, of Abyssinia, draws the color line very close, being full of race prejudice. But his method is to be condemned, as it leaves the whites on the wrong side of the fence.

A Missouri State judge has upheld the payment of an election bet. What else could be expected in a State which has made such a record of political corruption and lax justice within the last year?

The exposure of the Kaiser's friendship for Russia is not by any means pleasing to a large proportion of the German people. They do not wish to help the Czar, and they would say so plainly if they were not afraid of being arrested for lese majesty.

It is whispered that all building materials will be much cheaper this year than in 1903. If that is the case, and as the building trades have no especial grievances just now, Indianapolis capitalists would better begin right away to select sites and get their timber ready. The city can stand a big building boom this spring.

Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, Catholic priest and son of the late General W. T. Sherman, declares that socialism is opposed to the American idea of progress. "Americanism is individualism," he says. "Socialism is all negative and our position is all positive. The Catholic Church is unalterably opposed to socialism."

Senator Gorman's resolution calling for information concerning divers and sundry matters connected with the Isthmus of Panama will probably elicit an avalanche of facts from the State Department that will make him wish he had devoted more time to reading history and less to playing politics.

The Delaware preacher who was charged with inciting the people of Wilmington to lynch a negro last spring is demanding a public trial. One would think, now that the matter has blown over, he would be content to let it drop; but the notoriety he gained at that time appears to have created in him a thirst for more, and he is anxious to keep his name before the public.

The New Hampshire Legislature is considering the proposition of supporting State labor employment bureaus in several cities of the State. There is to be no fee charged either employer or employe, and adequate advertising to keep the people informed as to the work is also provided for. Such bureaus are already in operation in thirteen States, and have proved successful in every case.

The latest report from Washington announces that eleven Democratic senators will vote for ratification of the canal treaty. Well, that is more than enough to pass it, but nevertheless it is probable that even more of them will get on board the canal boat. They will throw a sop to the antis by supporting a resolution of inquiry into the Panama revolution, but this will not delay matters. It will be in the nature of a courtesy to Senator Gorman.

George Francis Train considered that he was not properly appreciated in this world, and who shall say he was not right in thinking so? He was a genius—a genius with a screw loose, if you will, but still a genius—and men of his kind are never appreciated at their true worth. Given a little more balance and his gigantic intellect might have turned the world bottomside up. As it was, he used to say that he felt like a cocoanut rattling around in a sack of peanuts.

The caucus of Democratic senators held in Washington last night on the call of Senator Gorman was to decide as to the position to be taken by the minority toward the Panama canal treaty. Several Southern senators had previously declared their intention to vote for ratification of the treaty, regardless of the action of the caucus. The Republican leaders in the Senate are entirely confident that the treaty will be ratified. With 57 Republican votes for it only four more will be needed to make two-thirds, and at least eight or ten Democrats will vote for ratification.

BRIGGS YET AGAIN.

If there is any man occupying a pulpit in any church in all this world who is positively unhappy unless he can stir up a violent rumpus, that man is Dr. Charles A. Briggs. No, there is one other like him, and that is Dr. Da Costa, who left the Episcopal Church because Briggs came into it, and who, if the Journal mistakes not, is now in a fair way to become a Roman Catholic priest. But as for Briggs, he is incorrigible. After he stirred things up in the Presbyterian Church so badly that they were obliged to throw him out, one would think that he would be content to rest on his oars in the placid waters of the Episcopal faith, where he launched his rakish craft.

But no. He trod upon the tenderest of Presbyterian corns when, thirteen years ago, he delivered his opinion to the effect that the Bible was full of errors, that reason should be used in its interpretation, and that a man might possibly be redeemed after he died. The Presbyterian corns were not so badly damaged as to be paralyzed, as the vigorous kick which thrust Dr. Briggs from the fold amply proved. But he seemed rather to enjoy the sensation. At any rate, he is repeating his experiment and courting another violent expulsion by tapping at the gouty toes of his too tolerant foster-parent. He appears to have a fiendish penchant for searching out the tender places and touching them on the raw. Dr. Briggs says he doubts the apostolic succession. Now, anybody who knows a thing about Episcopalians knows that doubting the apostolic succession is in their eyes more heinous than doubting the inspiration of the Scriptures, everlasting torment and the common sense of Moses. Indeed, the Episcopal Church forgave him all these minor heterodoxies when it took him in; can she forgive him now?

Well, perhaps she can and will. For the Episcopal Church has learned a lesson since the days of the Wesleys, and within her portals are sheltered many men of many minds in these times—men whose theologies are wondrous wide asunder. But yet—the apostolic succession! If he had only announced that he believed in Christian Science, the bishops would have passed it over with a tolerant smile. If he had said that the Universalists were about right after all; or that the Spiritualists had all the sweet reasonableness on their side, his spiritual pastors and masters would have winced perhaps, but would have winked withal. But he seems to have known this. It is as if he had said: "Come, let me see where I can hit my brethren where it will hurt the most!" And so he announced, with a triumphant grin that "the Pope of Rome was right when he affirmed Anglican orders to be invalid from the Roman point of view, but by the very decision he affirmed the validity of the Presbyterian and Lutheran orders." Such ingenuity is little less than superhuman.

Where next? His remark leads to the suspicion that he is paving the way to admission into the Roman Church. If that is so, we shall have heard the last of Briggs. When he gets in there he will have to be good. The Roman Catholic Church keeps its ministers quiet.

CHILD LABOR IN MINES.

In the miners' convention on Friday last John Mitchell spoke earnestly and eloquently against child labor in mines and the convention adopted by an overwhelming majority his recommendation for legislation prohibiting the employment in mines of boys under sixteen years of age.

Mr. Mitchell has a right to feel strongly on this subject and can speak from experience, as he began work in a mine at the age of ten years. He said he did not want any human being to have the experience that he had. "We know what a miner's life is," he said. "We know that the only joy in it is the joy of boyhood." The joy of boyhood must be unquenchable indeed, if it can survive the confinement day after day in the dark galleries of a mine, cut off from all the beauties of nature and all the pleasures that belong to boyhood, breathing a foul air and only dreaming, if he has time to dream, of what other boys are doing in the light above ground. Their plays, their games, their hunting, fishing, coasting, swimming, nutting excursions, all their sports and pastimes and their serious occupations are not for him. For him, only imprisonment in stone walls, daily contact with men who work from a sense of duty that he does not understand nor appreciate any more than they do his sense of isolation and his yearning for a taste of the real joy of boyhood. Mr. Mitchell, becoming a mine worker at the age of ten years, might well say he did not want any human being to have the experience that he had. He outlived the experience and has grown into a higher atmosphere, but the lives and characters of the boys subjected to that experience at that age would be dwarfed and brutalized beyond recovery. Child labor in factories is bad enough, but child labor in mines is shocking.

Many of the States have laws on the subject, but they are not always strictly enforced. Thirty-five States and all the Territories have imposed some restrictions on child labor. Of these, twenty-six apply to factory work and ten to the employment of children in mines. Twelve States put the age limit at fourteen years for boys, two at thirteen, seven at twelve and four States permit the employment of children of ten years old. The law of Indiana prohibits the employment of any child under fourteen years of age in any factory, mine, quarry, laundry, bakery or printing office. It also requires every person employing young persons under the age of sixteen years to keep a record of the name, age and birthplace of each person and to place on file an affidavit of the parent or guardian covering the facts. The Indiana law is very stringent and is strictly enforced.

Mr. Mitchell would raise the age limit for all child labor and make it sixteen years for work in mines. Certainly, that is young enough to cut a boy off from the natural pleasures and occupations of his age and to deprive him of school privileges.

To make laws against child labor effective it should be put out of the power of heartless parents to set boys to work under the prescribed age. Mr. Mitchell admitted that there were many such when he said that while most miners are good men "there is a minority of heartless and regardless men who would rather see the boys at work" when they ought to be in school. It might be worth while to prohibit operators from employing any boy in the mines who could not present a certificate of age and also a certificate from the school authorities of having reached a certain grade. The State should not permit boys of tender age to become the victims of heartless parents and greedy operators.

TRIBUTE TO OUR SCHOOLS.

It will be recalled that the Mosely Educational Commission of thirty English educational experts, which recently completed an investigation of American schools, spent some time in Indianapolis, and that at least a part of the delegation returned for a second visit. In the World's Work for February Mr. Mosely, head of the commission, gives some of the results of his observations. He says that among the most striking facts he has gathered are these: "That the people of the United States spend a marvelous amount of money on their public schools, endowing education more lavishly than any other people in the world. They do not spend enough. The salaries to teachers are not sufficient for the service the country desires and should have." Of especial local interest is this comment: "As a whole, the middle West is more intense in matters of education than the other parts of the country. The schools of the middle West are newer than the Eastern schools and more modern, because they have no traditions to get rid of. There is an even greater thirst for knowledge there than elsewhere, and money is spent to advantage. The schools of Indianapolis are among the best in the country."

The Indianapolis schools have met with the approval of many visitors qualified to judge of their merits, but this tribute from this source is of especial importance and value. Our schools seem equal to every test.

AS TO NEW BRIDGES.

The present flood in White river and Fall creek has damaged the bridges near the city to such an extent as almost to create an emergency for the construction of new ones. Structural damages are always apt to be more serious than appears on the surface and the danger may be greater than even an expert could discover. The city cannot afford to take the risk of serious disaster by continuing the use of bridges that are unsafe, and perhaps growing more so every day.

In this situation it is hoped the authorities will not make the mistake of adopting a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy in bridge-building. The city has wasted a great deal of money in past years by pursuing that policy in public improvements. There has been almost enough money spent in makeshift improvements of Pogue's run to have walled in and covered the creek along its whole course through the city. In a growing city municipal improvements should always be made with an eye to the future.

In an interview on this subject in yesterday's Journal Mayor Holtzman expressed the opinion that as a matter of safety new bridges ought to be built and of the most durable kind—bridges that will meet the demands of the population for generations to come and be proof against any strain from floods or ice gorges. He added:

> They should be stone or Melan arch bridges and in my opinion the latter are preferable to stone. They are more economical and at the same time, I believe, more durable than stone bridges. Concrete has come into marked favor with builders of big structures of late and I am of opinion that it can be proven to be all that is claimed for it as a building material. The fact that the New York Central Railroad is replacing its stone and steel bridges with concrete is a convincing argument, to my mind, in favor of that type.

The mayor is clearly right in his view that solidity and durability should be the objects aimed at. The cheapest in the end and the safest will be either stone or Melan arch bridges, and no other kind of bridge should be considered on the ground of cheapness unless it can be shown to be better and more durable than those named. If there is any question as to who should build the bridges, the city or the county, the courts should determine.

PESSIMISM IN ART.

There must be something in modern art as in modern literature that leads young men who labor in the field to take gloomy views of life. An exhibit of paintings by a number of young New York artists draws out this comment from a writer in a paper of that city.

> Decidedly these artists have an outlook where nature is seen under her most lugubrious mood, where joyousness never enters, where flesh and blood are almost at the vanishing point, and where unhealtiness prevails to an alarming extent. A visit to the rooms will chasten the spectator. If he comes with the slightest optimism concealed about his person, he will retire entirely divested of any such foolish hopefulness. Here are the dreary, the sad, and the bitter. The commonplace mortal might attribute these things to indigestion. Whatever it is that compels these young men to look on life with such pessimism we may not say, but here surely the times are out of joint and man, it must be admitted, is vile indeed, as these artists see him.

A certain portrait the writer designates as caricature pure and simple—"utterly meaningless." Of a picture called "The Prizefighter," it is said that "it bears no resemblance to humanity that we know of," and "A Girl at the Sewing Machine" is said to resemble an animated corpse. In the effort to follow the methods of a certain great artist it is asserted that these young men "have taken the short cut and failed to find the path." In their effort for simplicity they secure emptiness; in the search for tonal qualities only monotony results, and the personal note is sadly missing. Rarely are these men themselves; less frequently are they interesting." On the whole, it would seem that these artists should withdraw their canvases and try again. But doubtless they will regard the criticisms as philistinism unworthy of notice. Your modern artist is a man very much set in his ways and without much regard for the opinions of the public.

WORK OF THE Y. M. C. A.

The article in this issue of the Journal descriptive of the night school conducted by the local branch of the Young Men's Christian Association calls attention anew to the important educational work being done by this organization. Many persons familiar with the physical culture department and other enterprises of this body have little idea of the extent and practical character of the school work undertaken. Coming in contact everywhere, as the managers of the association do, with young men having definite needs—men aware of their own deficiencies of education and of the necessity of making them good in order to secure desired employment, or to obtain promotion in their chosen lines—they have few experiments to make, but may proceed in the most direct possible way to provide the required instruction. The students being mainly of those who are employed during the day, the class work must be done at night and only those branches undertaken which meet the general demand. There are no frills or fads in the Y. M. C. A. schools, and no time lost in deciding on courses of study. The young man who enters one of these schools is there for a distinct purpose which must be achieved in the shortest possible time, and he knows that the outcome depends on himself.

This department of Y. M. C. A. work meets such a definite want that especial efforts are being made to extend it. A branch of the organization is, for instance, about to be organized in Havana as an arm of the New York city association, its purpose being largely to supply the wants of young Cubans anxious to learn English and such other education as will promote their interests among Americans. No other institution could so well provide the desired instruction as the Y. M. C. A., and it seems likely that it will prove to be a strong Americanizing force on the island.

Incidentally, it may be said that the Y. M. C. A. of the United States is showing an amazing growth. A recent review of its progress says that in 1903 it added to its equipment a new building every six days, with a total cost of nearly $3,000,000, and now has 117 such undertakings on foot, with $4,000,000 pledged for more buildings. It also paid off nearly $500,000 in debts on property and received nearly $250,000 for endowment. As indicating its popularity, it is said that in one new railroad association in the Southwest 90 per cent. of the male population are members. The liberal endowments prove that its work is meeting the approval of hard-headed men of business, who consider carefully the uses of institutions for which they give their money. Altogether, the Y. M. C. A. is to be regarded as an important educational and religious force in the community.

A correspondent asks for some information concerning the extent to which Mohammedanism exists in London, his understanding being that it has quite a footing there. This information the Journal is unable to give with any definiteness, no statistics on the subject being available. It is undoubtedly true, however, that all of the great religions of the world have their representatives in London, and owing to the close relations of Great Britain with Oriental countries it is probable that quite large colonies of Arabians, Turks and other followers of Mohammed are to be found there. If the correspondent's idea is that English people themselves are accepting the belief he is probably mistaken. In that country, as in this, there is more or less of a fad in certain circles for the study of Buddhism, Theosophy and other Oriental doctrines, but the pursuit amounts to little, on the whole.

It would be interesting to know if the suspicion ever enters the mind of John D. Rockefeller, jr., that he is making a ridiculous spectacle of himself. Probably not, or he would not do it; but, if not, where is his sense of humor? The newspaper paragraphers poke fun at his expounding of the Sermon on the Mount to his Sunday school class, but it is really more pathetic than funny. "Paul's generosity is an example for us," he says, while papa puts up the price of oil and omits the usual Christmas gift to employes. With a sort of morbid fascination he gravitates toward texts about the vanity of riches, the necessity of self-sacrifice, the beauty of poverty, the command of charity to the poor and oppressed. And, even if he would, he could not practice what he preaches!

A few days ago one of the teachers in a crowded school building in New York saw smoke coming up through a crack in the floor. Calling to her a boy who she knew could be trusted, she gave him a whispered message to the teacher in the next classroom, after which he was to run and turn in a "still" alarm. Then the school fire alarm bell was rung three times, as had often been done for drill exercise. At the sound of the bell the pupils fell in line and marched down stairs and out of doors as they had been taught to do, and then discovered for the first time that there was a real fire. Had the teachers lost their presence of mind or had an alarm been given, there would have been a panic and great loss of life.

A New York man who has heard of the boycott of employers by Milwaukee female house servants has written to an employment bureau of that city offering to take service as a domestic and to wear skirts if necessary. He says he is perfectly willing to dress as a woman because he is anxious to get on the stage as a female impersonator and thinks this will give him practice. Why go on the stage? All this man or any other has to do to secure popularity as a female impersonator is to show a willingness to go into the kitchen and a capacity for doing the cook's work—and he needn't wear skirts either.

New York State has a law which offers inducements to the planting of shade trees along highways, in the shape of a deduction from the planters' assessed tax of 25 cents for each living tree. Indiana has done nothing to encourage tree-planting along roadways, but it does offer to exempt from taxation any tract of land planted to trees, and this is perhaps of more importance than the New York law.

A woman election clerk in Denver has been arrested on a charge of abetting fraudulent voting. That incident is rather a severe blow to the argument that woman suffrage would eliminate corruption from politics. It appears that when you make a politician out of a woman you get much the same kind of politician as if she were a man.

"Russia is still playing for time," is the information imparted by the latest cable dispatches. Well, they may call it time in Russia, but to the outsider it is beginning to look a great deal like eternity. But, then, the Russian calendar is several weeks behind time and that may account for it.

Thomes Hardy has written a drama which contains nineteen acts and 130 scenes. Thereby he may be proving how little a great novelist knows about the stage; or he may be fixing it so that his play will have at least a week's run if it is ever produced at all.

With radium going down and eggs going up, the two articles are expected to strike a balance at about the middle of next week and become interchangeable commodities, pound for pound.

"Millionaires see the subway in handcars" announce the headlines of a New York evening paper. The question which naturally arises is, What had those millionaires been drinking?

New England ice dealers are complaining bitterly because the ice is getting too thick to cut. If that is not about the limit of chronic grumbling what is?

Massachusetts and Texas are engaged in a violent quarrel which may yet terminate in civil war. The boll weevil of the latter State has made Massachusetts jealous for the reputation of her gypsy moth, and some bitter remarks are being passed.

Jacques Lebaudy, Emperor of Sahara, is recruiting an army with American officers, and purchasing some large guns, but he has not yet begun to consider a navy. When he gets one it will probably consist altogether of "ships of the desert."

A Boston paper comes out with the startling and interesting statement that it takes the hides of three horses to upholster a first-class automobile. This is fate indeed; but the auto can no longer be called a "horseless carriage."

All this magnificent snow, and not a single auto-sleigh has appeared on the streets of Indianapolis! Why doesn't someone hurry and invent one before the next thaw comes and it is too late for another whole year?

The National Mothers' Congress is to be held in Washington in May. The mothers are evidently bent on securing President Roosevelt's presence and approval before his mind is altogether fixed on the convention.

Probably the Washington government clerks are envying the only class of men in the United States who have real sinecures, and are wishing that they, too, might be dramatic critics on Chicago newspapers.

There will be one delightful thing as consolation for newspaper readers if Mr. Hearst is elected President. Nobody can ever get up a dispute as to who the original Hearst man was.

Every man, woman and child in the United States smoked 100 cigars each last year. They didn't do it really, but a lot of men got many more than their share.

In Bristol, S. D., Mr. John Goodenough and Miss Emma Toogood were married on Jan. 15, and not a paper in the country has noticed the chance for a merry squib yet!

JOURNAL ENTRIES.

Long-Distance Lassitude.

Tom—You are lazy.

Dick—No, I haven't got rested since the Chicago world's fair.

It Often Falls Short.

Penelope—Woman has a sense of humor.

Paul—Perhaps, but she seldom has enough of it to see how funny she is herself.

Gifted Treatment.

Laura—Is Margaret entertaining?

Alice—I should say so. The minute we go into her studio she gets out something to eat.

Similar in Difference.

Edmonia—Are you and your mother congenial?

Eustacia—Oh, yes, indeed; each knows so many people that the other doesn't approve of.

Perhaps.

Robert—Who were the early English?

Roberta—Oh, they must have been the English who could see into a joke the same day they heard it.

An Intense Lady.

Doctor—Your wife must keep out of excitement.

Mr. Brisque—She can't, doctor. She carries it around with her.

Hall Bedroom Recklessness.

Tom—Did you feel desperate when she rejected you?

Jerry—Indeed, I did. I lit my gas stove and let it run nine hours.

Society Slang.

Clergyman—Your dear husband had a long illness.

Mrs. Chic—Oh, yes, indeed. We were right up against it for six months.

Insomnia or Not.

Harriet—What do you want to look at your watch for?

Harry—Well, if I'm awake at 2 o'clock I'll be mad; if it's 6 o'clock it's all right.

A False Play.

Doctor—Our vibration treatment cures nervousness.

Patient—Oh, come off, doctor. Our banging office door was what gave me the nerves.

Jones and Brown.

"Fame nowadays has another advantage over notoriety."

"What's that?"

"Fame runs out in about three months, but notoriety lasts years and years."

A BATCH OF LITTLE STORIES.

Not Intended for Him.

On the nicest stationery the speaker of the House has at his command Mr. Cannon yesterday indicted a note to Senator Frye, presiding officer of the Senate since Vice President Hobart passed into the great beyond. Hardly less interesting than the note itself was its inclosure.

Out in Missouri in the town of Newark resides one J. C. Speer. He has a penchant for drawing in vivid colors and every few months fashions some ludicrous cartoons, which are mailed to prominent men in Congress. Speaker Cannon received one of these, depicting a frisky Republican elephant, running on a big book, labeled "Code, Vol. I, U. S. Expansion," and resting on a canoe, sailing in troubled waters.

"O God," read the superscription, "let not the code fall overboard."

There was a letter from the peculiar cartoonist. "'Spirituous Noah,'" said the letter, "would like for you old governmental prophets up in W. D. C. to inform me who is going to be Vice President in 1904 of the United States of North America."

Speaker Cannon hesitated not a minute on such an inquiry. He took down the most ordinary stationery allowed to his high office. "This evidently belongs to your end of the Capitol," he wrote, diplomatically. "Opened here by mistake."—Washington Post.

One on Mr. Bristow.

The investigation of the affairs of the Postoffice Department has given rise to many short stories and sketches of men prominent in the housecleaning.

Here is one which leaked out recently, in which the laugh is on the Hon. Joseph L. Bristow, fourth assistant postmaster general. Mr. Bristow has many friends, but, like all public men, boasts a few who dislike him.

About two years ago a deputy auditor of the Treasury Department met a sudden and violent death. One of the telephone girls at the Capitol overheard the story and attempted to relate it to a certain Tennessee representative who stood near by.

"I couldn't catch the man's name," said the girl, "but he was an officious sort of an individual, gruff and almost devoid of sentiment. He was a high official in one of the departments, I didn't hear which, but nobody seemed to like him, and he was always getting somebody else in trouble."

The Tennessee man threw up his hands and exclaimed: "My God! Bristow's been killed."—Washington Times.

A Poor Man's Honor.

"I never see that man without thinking how many chances he has missed of being a millionaire," said an old attache of the Treasury Department, alluding to Col. Frank Jones, a veteran in the employ of the War Department. Back in the '70s Colonel Jones was head of the redemption division of the treasury. Down below, in that part of the building where the silver vault is now, was an old blacksmith's forge. Many a time I have known Colonel Jones to go down to that forge with a bunch of bills that were getting too much worn for circulation, pile them on a forge, kindle a fire with the aid of the old bellows and burn the bills up. Often he would do this unassisted. There was nothing in the world but his own honor and honesty to prevent him from extracting any number of those bills, many of which were sufficiently well preserved to be circulated. There was then no committee to pass on what bills should be destroyed, and the head of the redemption division could just do as he pleased. He might have charged off thousands of dollars as having been worn out and destroyed, and no one would have known the difference. And yet to-day he is a comparatively poor man, who works for his living just like the rest of us."—Washington Times.

Conveyed a Warning.

The Rev. Dr. Snow, finding himself downtown at the noon hour, dropped into a restaurant for a luncheon. He hung his overcoat against the wall, sat down and ordered his meal, which he ate leisurely. When he had finished and turned to look for his overcoat it was gone.

He reported his loss to the cashier, who was sorry, but could do nothing, as the restaurant was "not responsible for hats, overcoats or umbrellas."

"Oh, I am not holding you responsible," said the doctor, as he paid the bill. "I shall get the coat again."

"What makes you think so?" asked the cashier.

"In one of the pockets," he replied, "was a letter, with my name and address on the envelope, and in another pocket was a printed sermon on 'Future Punishment.' Good day!"

His confidence was not misplaced. The overcoat was brought to his house the next day by a messenger boy, who said a stranger had sent it, and that there was no message.—Youth's Companion.

One Hopeless Case.

Bishop Potter loves a little joke. A certain metropolitan newspaper man recently had occasion to call on him and submit an interview written from somewhat brief notes. Bishop Potter read the manuscript carefully, and then, turning to his visitor, said:

"Are you a member of any denomination?"

"I am a Presbyterian," was the reply.

"Do you happen to know the religious tendencies of your proofreader?"

"I think he is a Congregationalist."

"Well," said the bishop, solemnly, "I have hope for the future of everybody except an editor who permits his reporters to split infinitives!"—Success.

INTERESTING BOOK REVIEWS.

"I Am It," by W. R. Hearst.

This is one of the most delightful bits of humor that has been peeled from the press this century. It is the story of a search made by a long-eared mule for a rider and is presented in a fascinating farce-comedy style which holds the rapt attention of the reader until the final climax. The mule, a droll and witless creature, is made to pass through a series of comical and thrilling adventures which suggest to the reader at times that the author has either attempted an extravagant parody of the search by Jason or that his situations have been colored by a familiarity with that noted hero's life and adventures. In "I Am It," instead of medieval and mythical assistants or obstructionists, the mule encounters such unique characters as "Happy Hooligan," "Katzenjammer Kids," "Foxy Grandpa," "Gloomy Gus," and others, all of whom contribute greatly to the readability of the work. The climax and the last page arrive simultaneously. There the reader discovers the mule in an attitude of rapt admiration and satisfaction, as a long-faced young man, with bifurcated locks, prepares to mount him. The most absentminded will recognize in his features the likeness of the author of the work. Beneath this touching tableau are the significant words, "I Am It." The significance of the title having up to this time been cleverly concealed, the reader experiences a delightful surprise. It is bound in yellow cloth, as are most of his works, and the letters of the title are so large that they extend over the edges. Published by the Yellowback Syndicate. Price, "six bits."

"Water Power," by J. P. Morgan.

As the title suggests, this is a scientific treatise on the value of water as an applied power. The author touches but lightly on the well-known but old-fashioned method of harnessing the falls of streams or otherwise, by mechanical devices, conserving and making available the energy of water when acted upon by gravity. He dwells at length, however, upon the modern process of instilling and infusing water into bonds and stocks, thereby making of them a smooth course for the transportation of barges of shekles from tin savings banks to steel coffers. He claims to have originated the idea, and apparently believes that he has grounds for applying for a patent. He also sets forth a history of his fruitless attempts to perfect a bond or a stock that would hold water for an indefinite time. He has finally abandoned his experiments in this direction as hopeless. The best that he could produce has always been liable to spring a leak, he complains, and behave like a "squs sponge," as he poetically expresses it, without any warning from Wall street or the local Weather Bureau. "Water," he states in his closing chapter, "is a world power; I owe my all to it." He facetiously adds that he is not in the habit of paying such debts, however. The book is of interest more than of value, for it tells, not so much what may be done with water, but what has been done with it. The price is one share of Shipbuilding trust stock. Published by Aqueous, Squeezum & Co.

ART AND ART WORKERS.

Circulars have been issued announcing the twenty-sixth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists, which will open in New York city March 26, the private view being given the day preceding.

A Chicago paper says: "The eighth annual of the Society of Western Artists wears well. Repeated visits bring to light the merits of modest works which were either overshadowed by more pretentious compositions or failed to speak for themselves through disadvantageous hanging."

It is asserted that the French contribution to the art department of the St. Louis exposition are representative of the best artists of the two rival societies, of the Champs Elysees and that of the Champ de Mars. It is said, also, to be the best collection of French art ever sent abroad.

Joseph Israel's eightieth birthday, which will be celebrated at The Hague and other European cities this month, is remembered at the Art Institution of Chicago. An exhibition of contemporary Dutch paintings is being shown there, of which a special feature is a gallery devoted entirely to the works of the venerable master in question.

In reviewing the art events of the year, a London paper says: "It is distinctly satisfactory to notice the increased interest taken by the public in art matters, which found its most striking expression in the keen controversy about the management of the Chantrey Bequest Fund, and in the starting of a "National Collections Fund," for the purpose of acquiring for our public galleries ancient or modern works of art which might otherwise be snapped up by Continental or American collectors."

The City Council of St. Petersburg, Russia, offers a premium to those who will in future assist in beautifying the national capital, for it has declared that it is henceforth its intention to exempt from taxation all new buildings which shall be adjudged not only useful, but ornamental. This, it is to be presumed, applies to interior decoration as well as to the architecture of the buildings. There may, says a New York paper, be a hint for activity in a legislatory way for some of our art societies such as the Society of Mural Painters, the Sculpture Society and the Architectural League, all headed, as a matter of course, by the Fine Arts Federation in co-operation with our Municipal Art Commission.

One hundred pictures have been chosen by the jury of fifteen American artists in Paris to represent the American colony of France at the St. Louis exposition. Out of 300 works submitted there were accepted eighty paintings in oil, and twenty pastels, drawings, miniatures and art objects. Sixty-four painters are represented, besides three miniatures and two workers in decorative art. In the field of sculpture, the jury consists of Messrs. Barnard, Bartlett, Brooks and Macmonnies. It is to be hoped that among the exhibits sent will be some of the work already accomplished at Moret by Mr. Barnard for the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg.

VIEWS OF JOURNAL READERS.

Bearing on Napoleon's Prediction.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal.

With the threatened war in the East which may involve all the powers of the world, with the possibility of some of them passing out of existence before the conflict ceases, it behooves this country to be careful and make no misstep. Napoleon, shortly before his death, remarked to Dr. O'Meara that "inside of a century this world would be all Cossack or all Republican." The onward march of Russia in the East in recent years begins to show that the Cossack is a threatening quantity and liable to make good the prediction of the little Corsican. The only nation in shape to meet the encroachments of Russia on the liberties of the world is the United States. It seems that Napoleon had this country in mind when he spoke of the two great conflicting forces that would eventually struggle for the supremacy of the world. Russia is in no position to invite this final contest yet, and neither is the United States. If these two nations have to meet on the final field to decide whether liberty or despotism shall prevail, that time is off some years yet. It is inevitable that the Eastern and Western continents shall meet some day for supremacy. Russia is doing the part Napoleon predicted for her in the East. Russia is endeavoring to cement the nations of the East for the final contest. Why should this country not open its eyes and endeavor to do the same thing on the Western hemisphere? There is no time to waste. Russia is traveling at a rapid pace and is doing all in her power to make a consolidated Russia in Asia. Is it not time for this country to open its eyes and do as much to make a consolidated United States in America? With the United States strong, powerful and resourceful the chances of a conflict with Russia at some future day will be minimized. As Russia is seeking to add territory to herself in Asia, so that she owns an unbroken Empire from the Atlantic to the Pacific for offensive and defensive purposes, so should this country add to its territory in a manner so that no vulnerable spot should be left on either side. Canada only needs a little coaxing to join her political fortunes with this country, and, as a matter of precaution and to take full warning from the predictions of Napoleon, this country cannot too rapidly hasten the time when Canada can be induced to link her destiny with the United States. Canada is this Nation's bulwark on the north. It is the open gate to the invasion of this country. It is as necessary that Canada should be part of this country as it is for England to own Gibraltar for her maritime protection. This country should get busy trying to link Canada with her as Russia is endeavoring to link Korea and Manchuria. Destiny shows that Russia and the United States shall prevail on the respective continents, and this Nation is as much justified in making good her security as Russia is endeavoring to entrench herself. This country must wake up and exercise precaution, and Napoleon's prediction will come that Republicanism shall prevail over Cossackism.

P. J. SIMPSON.

Indianapolis, Jan. 23.

School Conditions in New York City.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal.

The following editorial, which appeared in the Journal of the 17th, should be read by every one who has the public school system at heart:

> With the school year half finished, the New York school commissioners are obliged to confess that there are still 30,195 children who are prevented from attending school in the metropolis by lack of room. Such a state of affairs in the largest city of the country is well-nigh incredible. Something is distinctly wrong with the system.

It is not difficult to understand why these conditions exist in the metropolis of the United States. The public schools of that city, as well as most everything else of a public character, are controlled by a class of politicians who are, in turn, largely influenced by those who are enemies of the public school system. It is safe to assume that there is not a county seat in all Indiana where the teachers of the public schools, on the whole, are not more competent and better qualified to fill the positions than those occupying similar positions in the public schools of New York city. There is no city, perhaps, in all the country where the public schools encounter the difficulties and where the public school system is so set at variance with the original purpose, as in the city of New York. If the public schools are worthy of confidence, they should be encouraged and controlled in their entirety by the friends of the public school system. When this is true the deplorable condition in New York city, alluded to by the Journal, will be remedied.

W. V.

Indianapolis, Jan. 21.

Save the Trees.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal.

The Civic Improvement League which has been organized to beautify the city, will find a plenty to do, but I venture to suggest that among other things it try to break up the practice of hitching horses to or near sidewalk shade trees. The practice has resulted in destroying thousands of trees and so mutilating others that it were almost better they should be destroyed. Any person walking or driving about the city will notice a great number of well-grown trees with large cavities in the trunks, causing them to decay and preparing them to fall before the next strong gust of wind. These cavities are due to the bark having been gnawed off by horses when the trees were young, thus inflicting an injury from which they could never recover. Some people seem to think that a tree thus mutilated can be saved by whitewashing or by applying mortar or wrapping it with cloths. This is all nonsense. A tree from which considerable of bark has been stripped is doomed, and nothing can save it. It may live a few years, but it is dying all the time. While we are urging the planting of trees to beautify the city, let us protect those already planted.

TREE LOVER.

Indianapolis, Jan. 22.

Theoretical Beautifiers.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal.

It was suggested the other day by the Journal that the Civic League could get practical ideas as to the most urgent needs of the city in the way of improvement by going about and looking at the terrible condition of the uncleaned streets. It would not be necessary for some of them to go beyond their own front windows to do this. On my way down town each morning I pass many stretches of sidewalk where the snow is not cleaned off from the time it falls until it is washed away by the rains, and I have noticed, with edification, that two of the slipperiest lengths of pavement are in front of the residences of estimable citizens who are enthusiastic members of the society for beautifying the city.

PEDESTRIAN.

Indianapolis, Jan. 19.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The Shah of Persia has a decided penchant for cats. A traveler in his domains, who has just returned, reports that he visited in the environs of Ispahan a farm where the Shah keeps 500 cats.

The Rev. John F. Damon is dead in Seattle of pneumonia. He was known all over the Pacific Northwest as the "marrying parson," having married 2,985 couples. It is said that he held the record in the United States.

There are to-day no fewer than three duchesses of Wellington. The widow of the second duke, who was, in her day, a famous beauty, the widow of the third duke, who was son of Lord Charles Wellesley, and the reigning duchess.

Dr. Yamei Kin, the first Chinese woman to take a medical degree in the United States, is on a visit to this country from her home in Ning-Po, where she was born. She graduated from the New York Medical College about ten years ago.

The Duchess of Manchester, once Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, believes in Buddhism, it is said, and recently invited Agamya Guru Paramahasma, chief of the Hindoo Mahatmas, to Tanderagee Castle to restore her husband to robust health again.

"What is the difference between a misfortune and a calamity?" somebody once asked Disraeli. "Well, if Gladstone fell into the Thames," was the reply, "that would be a misfortune; and if anybody pulled him out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity."

Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Church, and a stanch believer in hell-fire-and-brimstone, was once asked if he thought Emerson would go to heaven. The good old man was puzzled, and thought for a long time. "He doesn't seem to have the saving faith," he said at length. "But I can't imagine what the devil would do with Emerson."